

MARVEL  
4th Feb 89

# THE REAL

Nº34 38p  
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Industries Inc.

# GHOSTBUSTERS™

SURPRISE!  
SLIMER *RUSSIAN*  
OFF TO BUSTEE  
GHOSTEE!

BUST  
IN THE  
USSR





**G**reetings, comrade. Issue thirty-four of **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS** finds our heroes *Russian* about all over the place. The language barrier is a problem, but a bust is a bust and this one's a **Bust in the USSR!** So, the weather's a bit on the chilly side and they have some odd customs, but there are worse places to be sent when you're a Ghostbuster. Peter's worse fears are realized when they are called out by the Sanitation Department, and all his enthusiasm goes down the *drain*. Is there something in the *pipeline* or is it just **The Dark Side of the Sewer!** You might think that the sewer is as low as you can go, but then the **Hounds of Hell** decide to surface. Ray has to bust man's best friend when a strange dog turns up. As you may know, Ray's pet hate is busting animals, but, can he overcome his aversion in order to save a young boy, or has he strayed from the path of good for ever? There is only one chance and Ray is the underdog!

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# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS



PETER  
VENKMAN



EGON  
SPENGLER



RAY  
STANTZ



WINSTON  
ZEDDEMORE



JANINE  
MELNITZ



SLIMER

# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™

NEW YORK CITY...

LOOK WHAT  
FOLLOWED ME  
HOME, MA!

NOT  
ANOTHER  
STRAY DOG,  
BOBBY?

## THE HOUNDS of HELL!

INSIDE A GROUND FLOOR APARTMENT...

CAN I KEEP HIM,  
MA? CAN I?  
CAN I?

YOU KNOW WE CAN'T  
KEEP A DOG IN OUR  
APARTMENT, BOBBY,  
AND THIS ONE'S  
SO BIG!

SLURP  
SLURP

IT'S LATE NOW. TOMORROW  
WE'LL TAKE HIM TO THE DOG  
POUND AND THEY'LL FIND  
HIM A GOOD HOME!

OKAY, MA!

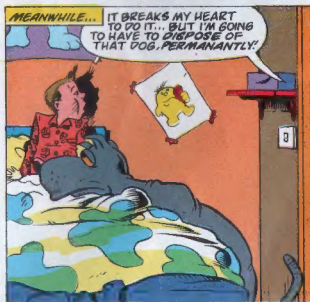
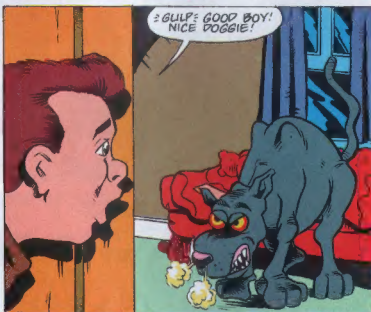
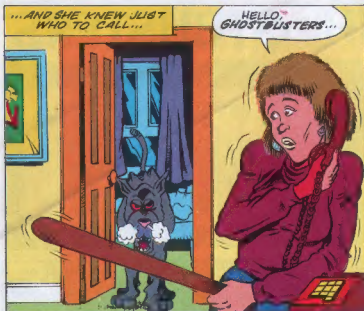
DON'T WORRY, ROVER...  
I'LL LOOK AFTER YOU!

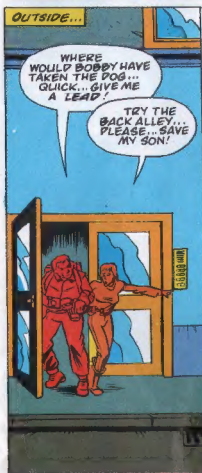
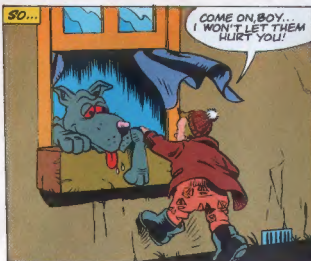
THAT NIGHT...

HE CAN STAY  
UNTIL YOU'RE  
ASLEEP, AND THEN HE HAS  
TO GO TO THE BASEMENT!

HOWEVER, WHEN BOBBY FINALLY  
FELL ASLEEP, HIS MUM WAS IN  
FOR A NASTY SHOCK...











# SPENGLER'S

## SPIRIT

### POPOV'S SPIRIT GUIDE

During our recent Soviet visit, we were delighted to meet the famous Russian Ghosthunter, Gregor Popov. It now gives me great pleasure to hand over this week's guide to Prof. Popov, so that he can tell readers in England, all about the latest advances in Russian Ectoscience in his own, inimitable manner. — Egon.

#### Welcome!

Much hello. Enthusiasts of the wild and also interesting world of how you say it 'Spookbusting'. Great pleasure I have, in speaking to you this way, and I send big thank to friend and colleague, Comrade Egon Spengler for giving me this chance.

#### Ghosts?

So. Ghosts? Who can say? In Urals, we have old saying, "Ghosts? Who can say?" I think you see subtle wisdom of my point now.

#### Think Tank.

Such excitement! Recent experiment by *University of Leningrad* (Hush-hush! Don't breathe word!) involves use of sensory deprivation to get latent Psycho-kinetics to broadcast messages by ESP. Subject is secured well away from any distraction with blindfold, gag, earmuffs, handcuffs, floating in tank of warm water in dark, in lead-lined crate, in hold of submarine at bottom of Baltic Sea. Tele-



## PART 34

pathic message broadcast to other subject in locked, soundproofed room in Kremlin. Message recieved. Message read: "Get me out of box now, please." Wonders of Soviet Science!

Such experiments cost many rubles, of course, so we make most of it. Subject will stay in experimental tank for six or eight months.

#### Soldering On.

Heard through grape vine, that Red Army trying to use demons as military device. Class six, full-torsos make good shock troops! Only trouble is that bigger recruits are causing trouble. Gozer refuses to stand to attention when sergeant major shouts. Ho ho. Such fun on military march in Red Square.

## GUIDE

### Falling Down Steppes.

Reports coming in to my office in Minsk, that regular sightings have been made on the Steppe lands of ghostly Cossack hordes galloping around like nobody's business. Ghost horde identified as Phantoms of Igor the Imbecile and his cut throat men. Igor the Imbecile was most stupid of all war chieftains ever. Had no sense of rampage. Had no idea of pillage. Had to look up carnage in dictionary. Riding with him was therefore pretty safe. . . How you say 'soft option'. Got lots of followers. Had more men than there are names in Vladivostok telephone directory. Horde spent most of time arguing whether to skip massacre, burn second then run straight through pillage twice. By time leaders decided what to do, people at back of horde had got bored. The order to charge took over three hours to get passed back anyway. When Igor finally died in battle (he had accidentally led horde round in big circle and died leading charge at tail end of own troop by mistake) people in middle of pack didn't find out for three weeks. Possibly most confused ghosts in Russia.

#### Goodbyes.

Run out of room! Must go! Maybe see you around? If you're ever in Minsk, look me up. Remember, as we say in Moscow: "Ghosts? Maybe that's it."

**BUY IT FOR YOUR  
BOOP-OOP-A-DOOP!**



*IS IT A CARD?  
IS IT A COMIC?*



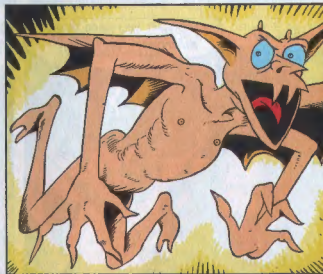
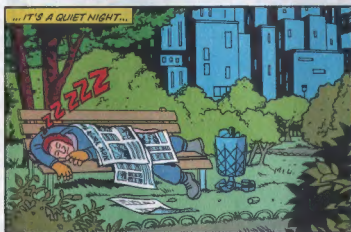
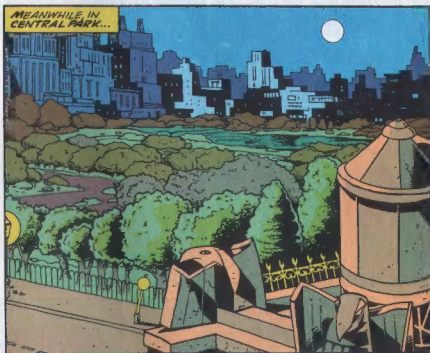
*IT'S A VALENTINE  
CARD COMIC*

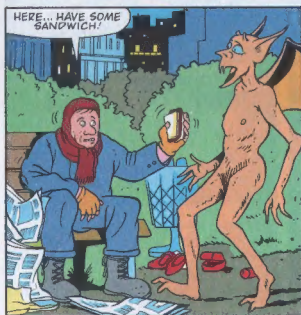
THE  
**BETTY  
BOOP**<sup>TM</sup>  
VALENTINE CARD COMIC

*ON SALE JANUARY 26th*



# THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS™





# GHOST WRITING!



Howdie, folks! I must admit, as the end of January approaches, I'm finding it really difficult to stick to my New Year's Resolution to be nice to Slimer. It isn't easy, especially as it appears to be his Resolution to eat twice as much as usual. C'mon folks, help me out. Send me a letter! Thanks for all the Christmas cards you all sent. They made my Christmas!

Dear Peter

Slimer always seems to slime you. Is that because you aren't nice to him and the others are? Slimer's all right, so start being nice to him even if you have to pretend.

— Sandra Jacques and Richard Thompson, Notts

Everybody keeps telling me to be nice to Slimer. That's why I made it my New Year's Resolution. It's not easy, you know. He eats my food and he slimes me. It's always me who's

on the receiving end of his ectoplasmic exploits. The others reckon it's because Slimer likes me most. Is that the way to treat a friend? That's why I'm horrible to him sometimes. He might not like me as much then, and hopefully, will stop sliming me. Who knows, miracles happen!

Why did you have different colour suits in the cartoon, but they were all the same in the film?

— Michael Steele, Dorset

Things change, Michael. For instance, Ray's got fatter, if all our uniforms were the same colour, he would be struggling to squeeze into one of the other outfits that was too small every time the alarm rang. Anyway, I think it's kind of nice to have some individuality in the team!

I have some questions;

1. Why does Egon use such long words?
2. Why don't you bust Slimer because he gets right up my nose?

— Philip Betts, Norwich

Thanks for your letter, Phillip, 1. We don't know why he uses such long words either. Half the time, we don't even understand what he's saying, so there's not much point in trying to get him to explain his strange vocabulary. 2. He gets up your nose? Gee, that must be painful. I couldn't bust Slimer. Don't tempt me, I'm trying to be nice to the little gunk-ball!

In issue twenty-five, in **Ghost Writing**, Warren Keith said that he wanted Slimer to slime Egon. I think that Warren should get slimed instead, don't you?

— Stephen Docker, Hants

I don't care who Slimer slimes as long as it isn't me.

What colour is ecto-slime?

— Michael Richards, Worksop

Well, Michael, that depends on the colour of the spook. Generally green spoons produce green slime, orange spoons, orange slime and so on.

In **Hawaii Fire Ho**, in issue sixteen, how come you had holiday clothes on, on one page, and then, on the next, you were in full busting gear?

— Karl Bourne, Chorley

Thanks for your letter, Karl. When we were put on a plane to Hawaii, I thought we were off on holiday. More fool me! When I discovered that we were actually expected to work, I had to change back into my overalls.

Who started the Ghostbusters?

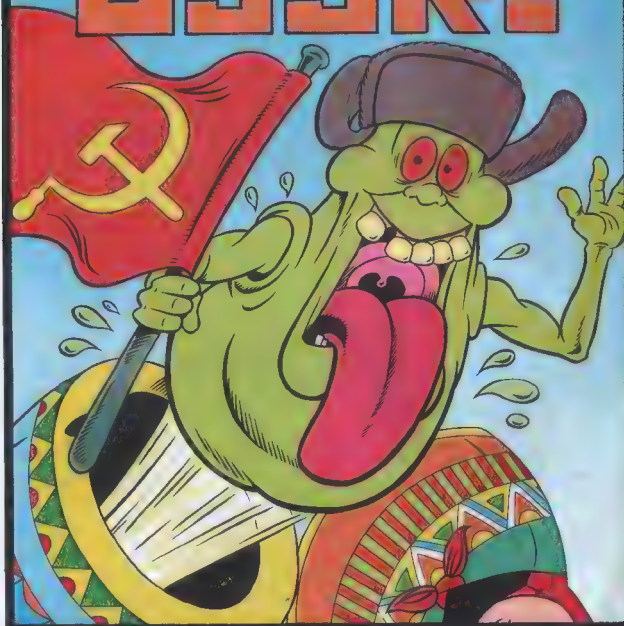
— Bobby Garland, Essex


That was my fault, I did that! When we left Weaver Hall University, it seemed like a good idea to put all our knowledge of the supernatural to some use. We were broke and The World needed saving. A perfect combination.

Ghost Writing, Marvel Comics Ltd, 13/15 Arundel Street, London WC2



# BUST IN THE USSR!



Story DAN ABNETT  Art BRIAN WILLIAMSON and BAMBOS

Comrade Danelovitch was aghast. "Comrade General!", he protested, "You mean I have to work with these ... with these ... with these ... Western ... Crazy people? I would rather be back commanding Submarines in the Baltics!"

The General smiled sadly. "Patience, Danelovitch. The Party Chairman himself has requested the help of these Americans in our problem. He insists that we work with them in the spirit of Glasnost. They, apparently, are familiar with this type of thing. You really must act as their translator. Please?"

Danelovitch gazed out into the frozen courtyard of *Soviet Collective Farm 118* and saw the four shivering Americans in boiler suits heaving the last of their equipment from a black saloon car, under the watchful eye of eight secret policemen. "Under protest, I will do it, Comrade General. For the good of Mother Russia if nothing else!"

Peter tried as hard as he could not to be too amused by the presence of eight stern-faced men, all in fur hats. When a ninth stern-faced man in a fur hat crunched into the icy courtyard, he had to pretend to have a coughing fit to cover a rising giggle. "I ... " said the face under fur hat number nine, "... am Comrade Translator Alexei Danelovitch. Welcome to *Soviet Collective Farm 118*." Egon, who knew what Peter's coughing fit meant, quickly stepped in to avoid an international incident. The night before, on the plane, he had had dreadful dreams about newspapers with the headline "GHOSTBUSTER SNIGGERS AT RUSSIAN HAT. THIRD WORLD WAR DECLARED. VENKMAN SAYS 'NOT MY FAULT' (full story page 2)", and it was all coming a step closer. With a broad, and hopefully diplomatic smile, Egon opened his phrase book and read out the word meaning 'Good Morning'.

"Please could you explain why you have recited to me the Russian phrase 'I require a room with a bath plug.'?" asked the bemused translator.

"Egon!" hissed Ray, grappling for the phrase book. "You're on 'At The Hotel'. You want 'At The Collective Farm' on page sixty-

six."

The two of them began to squabble over the book.

The eight secret policemen moved closer. Peter's giggle began to get the better of him. Egon called Ray 'meddling', and Ray called Egon 'a ham-fisted idiot'. Winston smiled his broadest smile, wrapped his arm around the shoulders of a surprised Danelovitch and said "Hey, my man. How's it going? Let me assure you, we are the greatest, most efficient spectral-eliminators our country has ever produced."

"Efficient?" asked Danelovitch, glancing at the three Ghostbusters who were now rolling in the icy mud at the Secret Policemen's feet, one in giggles, the others in anger.

"Sure." Winston reassured him, "Now what seems to be the problem?" Danelovitch looked sterner than ever. "Vodyanoi," he said.

"What we seem to have," said Egon sourly, as he wiped the mud off his glasses, "is the manifestation of a fierce Vodyanoi that is causing havoc amongst the workers at this Collective Farm."

"A vodya-who?" asked Peter.

"Vodyanoi," intoned Danelovitch carefully. "A supernatural beast of the wild lands of our mother country. A demon of Wood and Steppes."

"Wooden steps?" asked Peter.

"Oh, listen please!" squawked Egon, "Let me explain ..."

However, before he could, a Russian sentry burst into the room with a worried frown on his face. Danelovitch listened to his garbled words and then said. "The Vodyanoi. It's here. follow me."

Resembling a grizzly bear of fair-sized proportions the Vodyanoi was busy eating a tractor when the Ghostbusters and Danelovitch arrived. Despite Egon's protest, Peter raised his Proton Gun and blasted. The Vodyanoi froze, split open like an empty shell and a much bigger, much more grizzly bear-like thing stepped out. "The Vodyani operates on the same principle as the Russian Dolls,"

explained Egon above the creature's roaring. "It contains multiple incarnations that split open and give it its next lease of life." Thanks to Winston and Peter, the Vodyanoi was now on number three, a grizzly bear the size of a small office block.

"How come they're bigger on the inside?" asked Winston.

"Do you get *Doctor Who* over here?" Peter asked Danelovitch.

"This isn't a job for the Ghostbusters," complained Peter as they conducted a tactical retreat as fast as their feet would go, "This is a job for the Red Army!"

"What do we do?" yelled Ray.

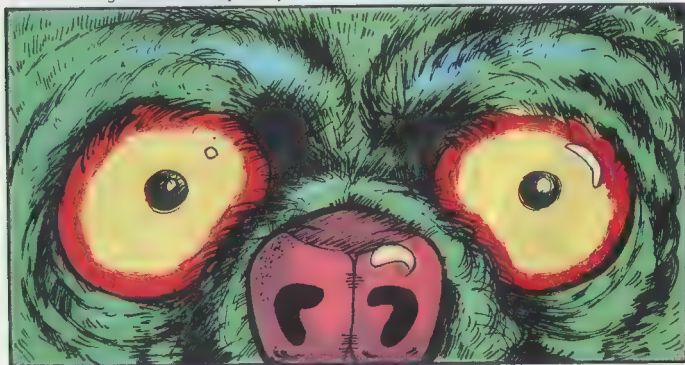
"We've one chance," Egon yelled back. "Our blasts don't have any effect. We must try and distract its attention long enough for one of us to get a Trap close enough to suck it in. Any volunteers?" "Egon!" screamed Peter, "Get a Trap ready! Comrade Danelovitch – get your Secret Service buddies here now!" Danelovitch did so, and he and the sprinting Ghostbusters nearly ran slap into the eight policemen running to meet them. The vast Vodyanoi was right behind, howling like ... like something that howls very loudly.

"You men!" Peter bellowed to the eight Russians. "Bend down with you heads towards the monster. Now!"

After a hasty translation, the eight did so. Eight fur hats faced the rampaging demon. "See this?" shouted Peter, pointing. "One step closer and I'll make a whole lot more out of *your* hide!"

The Vodyanoi stopped suddenly, aghast at the possibility of spending the rest of his days as Secret Service headgear. By the time he'd figured out that Peter had no way of carrying out his threat, Egon had closed in and fired up him into a Trap.

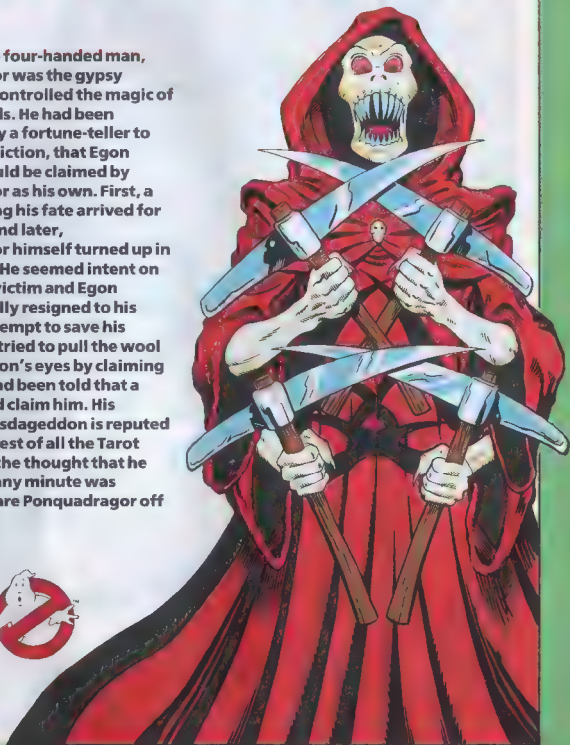
"The Party Chairman is so pleased with the Americans' work, he's booked up a couple of other jobs before they go home – gremlins in the Kremlin, phantom Cossacks on the Steppes, you know the sort of thing." The General smiled as warmly as the temperature would allow. "He wants you appointed as permanent translator for the rest of the tour." Danelovitch smiled back. "I wanted to ask you, Comrade General ... you see, I feel the call of the sea again ... I hear the Baltic is lovely at this time of year!"





# PONQUADRAGOR

Known as the four-handed man, Ponquadrakor was the gypsy demon who controlled the magic of the Tarot cards. He had been summoned by a fortune-teller to fulfil his prediction, that Egon Spengler would be claimed by Ponquadrakor as his own. First, a card signifying his fate arrived for Egon at HQ, and later, Ponquadrakor himself turned up in Central Park. He seemed intent on claiming his victim and Egon seemed equally resigned to his fate. In an attempt to save his friend, Peter tried to pull the wool over the demon's eyes by claiming that he too had been told that a demon would claim him. His demon, Nekksdageddon is reputed to be the foulest of all the Tarot demons and the thought that he may turn up any minute was enough to scare Ponquadrakor off for good.



# DEATH'S HEAD



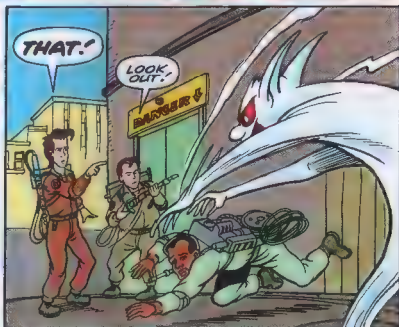
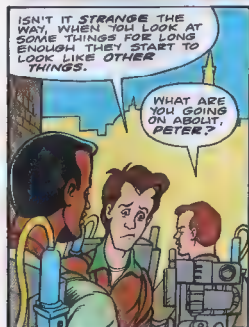
BUY THIS  
COMIC...

...AND  
STAY HEALTHY,  
YES?

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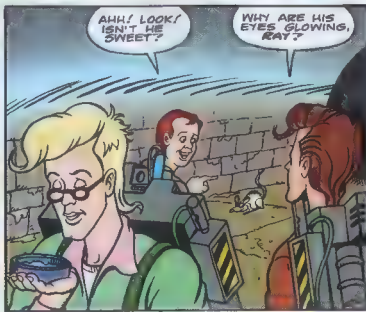
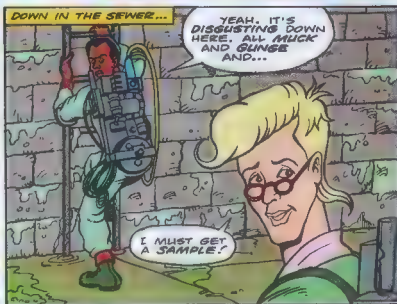
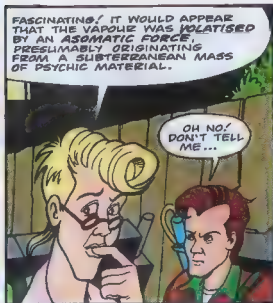
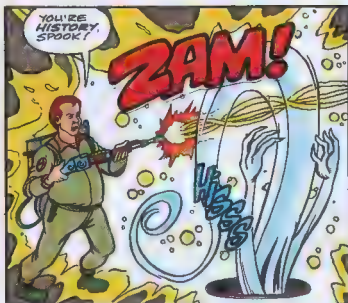
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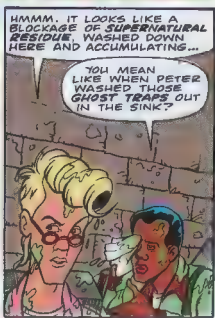
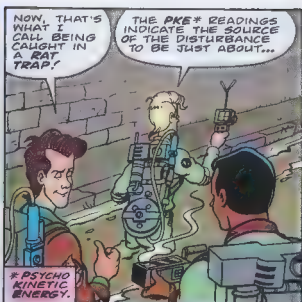
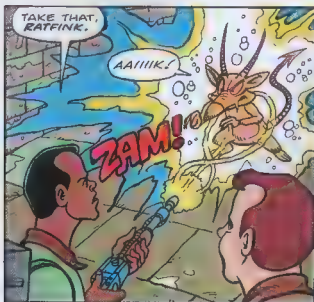
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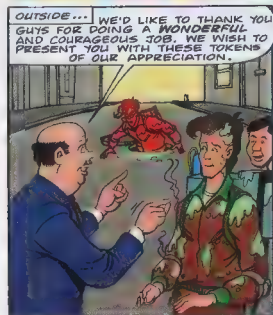
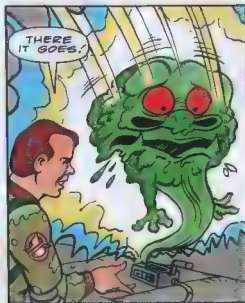
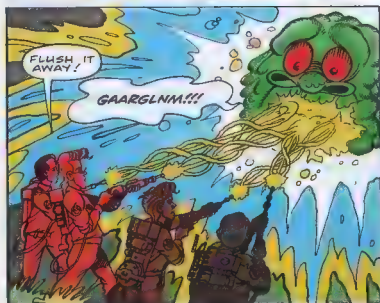


Story ANDREW BRENNER Art JOHN GEERING and DAVE ELLIOTT Lettering ANNIE H. Colouring STUART PLACE









# SLIME TIME!

Slimer wants your jokes! Send 'em to: **SLIME TIME**  
Marvel Comics Ltd  
13/15 Arundel Street  
London  
WC2



Why was the ghost crying?  
*Because he had eerie ache (ear ache)!*  
— Simon Stevens, Herts

How do you make a monster fly?  
*Start with a ten-foot zip!*  
— Craig Allen, Oxford

What is green and red and goes round at 20mph?  
*A monster in a liquidizer!*  
— Janelle Lynch, Altrincham

What is a ghost's favourite nursery rhyme?  
*The butcher, the baker and the undertaker!*  
— Alan Simmons, Sussex

What's the best way to avoid infection from biting ghosts?  
*Don't bite any ghosts!*  
— Colin Gallagher, Inverness

Why did the monster eat little bits of metal every night?  
*Because it was his staple diet!*  
— Laurie Campbell, Northants

What did Egon say before his hair changed colour?  
*It's unfair!*  
— Mark Beaumont, Gillingham

Why do mummies make good spies?  
*Because they're good at keeping things under wraps!*  
— Robert Keen, Wimbledon

Did you hear about the phantom who cut off her own fingers?  
*She wanted to write short-hand!*  
— Matthew Clarke, Swansea

Why don't monsters eat pen-guins?  
*Because they can't get the wrappers off!*  
— Sue Linden, Bath

How do you raise a baby monster that's been abandoned by his parents?  
*With a fork lift truck!*  
— Scott Menzies, Dundee

What goes ha ha ha plonk?  
*A ghost laughing its head off!*

What did one of Frankenstein's ears say to the other?  
*I didn't know we were living on the same block!*  
— Richard Hampton, South Molton

Why did the monster drink ten gallons of anti-freeze?  
*So he didn't have to buy a winter coat!*  
— Niall James, London

What goes boo hoo hoo splat?  
*A ghost crying its eyes out!*  
— Timothy, No-fixed-abode



BLIMEY!  
IT'S...

# SLIMER!



HAVE YOU BEEN FISHING  
HERE LONG, SLIMER?

SLIMER BEENY HERE  
FOR AGES!



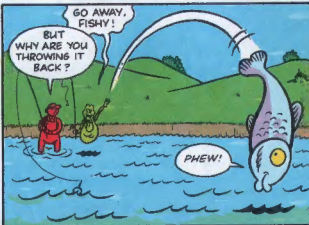
WOW!! THAT'S A  
WHOPPER!



BAH! ITTY JUST A  
SILLY WET FISHY!



GO AWAY,  
FISHY!  
BUT  
WHY ARE YOU  
THROWING IT  
BACK?



SLIMER ALREADY GOT PLENTY  
LOTS OF FISH! NOW I TRY TO  
CATCHY SOME CHIPS  
AS WELL !!

YIPES!



# SKELETON IN THE CLOSET!



**IN JUST 7 DAYS**



## THE MIGHTY MARVEL CHECKLIST

☐ **THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS 34** What lurks in the New York sewer system? The Ghostbusters must find out – and fast (would you like to spend a long time in New York's sewers?!). **Darkside Of The Sewer** is explored by Brenner and Geering. Plus, more chills in **Hounds Of Hell**, **Kindred Spirits** and **Bust In The USSR**.

☐ **ACTION FORCE MONTHLY 9** When Action Force's Cover Girl goes undercover in Amsterdam, modelling a priceless diamond, it's a bait that Cobra can't resist! Trouble is, Cobra have considerably more in mind than simple robbery! **Diamond Lies** is by Furman, Smith and Elliott.

☐ **DRAGON'S CLAWS 8** If you thought the first incarnation of the Evil Dead was pretty lethal, wait till you meet the new team! Hack, Rend and Slash are the new players, and believe us – they live up to their names! Get ready for the Evil Dead's all-out assault on N.U.R.S.E... with **Dragon's Claws** slap bang in the middle! **The Evil Dead Too** is by Furman and Senior.

☐ **THUNDERCATS 92** Lion-O faces his greatest challenge yet when he strives to free his mentor and friend, Jaga, from the **Astral Prison**. His jailors are Zimmerman, Rimmer, Wetherell and Baskerville. And there's love in the air for Snarf in this issue's special Valentine's Day text story!

☐ **DEATH'S HEAD 3** Death's Head hits the Los Angeles of 8162...and it hits back! A routine bounty-hunt becomes a deadly game of survival when the merciless mechanoid discovers that his target – Ogrus – is playing for **High Stakes**. Dealing out the black humour are Furman, Hitch and Hine.

### DON'T MISS...

☐ **TRANSFORMERS 203** While Galvatron and Megatron continue their decimation of the ranks of both Autobots and Decepticons, Scourge must locate his fallen comrade, Cyclonus. If he fails now, Earth is doomed! The apocalyptic epic, **Time Wars**, continues courtesy of Furman and Reed.

## ON SALE NOW!

**JUST  
WHO ARE  
THE SLEEZE  
BROTHERS...?**



**...AND  
WHAT ARE  
THEY DOING  
ON THIS  
PAGE?**